This is a non-canon parody SS written by Kamachi Kazuma as a preview for Volume 6 of the series.

August 30, in a certain student dorm room.

When the completely normal high school student Kamijou Touma returned to his neither large nor small room, he heard a violent pattering of feet from within. A silver-haired nun wearing a splendid habit of white cloth and gold embroidery ran toward him.

The girl of about 14 or 15 who still had some youthfulness left in her face was named Index.

It was obviously a fake name, but no one bothered to point that out.

Incidentally, she was also a ridiculous girl who was charged with storing 103,000 grimoires.

But in exchange, Index had no basic or scientific knowledge to the point of not even knowing how to use a microwave oven.

The girl said, "Touma, Touma, Touma! A book of prophecy called Malachy's Prophecies arrived by something called 'express delivery'! I used your seal for it!"

"...Um, could you not accept such obviously suspicious items?"

"Something called a 'door-to-door salesman' and 'mail-order video salesman' came by, so I used your seal there too!"

"Don't use my seal for anyone that comes to the door!!"

Kamijou moved from the entrance to his room and saw a new massage chair he did not recognize sitting in one corner.

The boy held his head in his hands while Index grabbed a paper box about big enough to hold a cake from the glass table.

It was an odd-looking box.

It was a basic white square box, but the corners were crushed, it was yellowed with age, and it had marks like some kind of charm or talisman had been ripped off of it.

In the “contents” box on the shipping label attached to it, the words “Malachy’s Prophecies” were written in solemn handwriting using jet black ink. However, it was so fancily written that Kamijou had trouble reading it.

The writing in the “sender” box on the label looked more like some strange hieroglyphs than kanji, so it was impossible to tell whose name it was.

Kamijou’s head sank deeper into his hands as he wondered who could have sent it.

He was basically a man of misfortune, so he had this look on his face for about a third of every day.

Index announced she was going to open it and ripped open the box without even waiting for a response from Kamijou. Mixed in with the balled up paper meant to absorb any shocks was an old leather-covered book.

While deciding he had gotten wrapped up in some sort of misfortune once more, Kamijou asked, “So what is this Malachy’s Prophecies, Index? I’m getting a suspicious occult feeling from it.”

“It’s one of the officially recognized books of prophecy in the Christian church. The original was written by the Archbishop of Armagh in the year 1139. But this paper looks too new, so it’s probably a simple book of prophecy created by some other magician using the same system as Malachy’s Prophecies.”

“??? A book of prophecy, hm? Who sent this here? ...Oh. Come to think of it, I may have heard about 103,000 grimoires during this summer break, but I think this is the first time I’ve seen a real one.”

“No, Touma. A book of prophecy isn’t a grimoire. It’s a magic tool like the crystal balls or tarot cards that have been used for ages. Don’t be tricked just because it takes the form of a book.”

“...When is this series going to have a real grimoire?”

Kamijou looked like he was about to break.

He was thirsty after coming in from the hot sun outside, so he pulled out a juice box from the fridge (a package with one each of grape, apple, mango, and melon was only 150 yen), stabbed the straw into it, and began sucking in the juice.

Index began staring at his face greedily, so he pulled another juice box from the fridge and handed it to her.

It seemed Index liked every flavor of juice, so she began drinking it with a look of joy on her face.

“But a book of prophecy? I thought the Nostradamus boom ended last century?”

“His ‘Les Centuries’ has prophecies that go beyond the year 3000,” said Index while stroking a finger across the cover of Malachy’s Prophecies.

Kamijou looked at the mysterious book of prophecy (of unknown authenticity) with suspicion.

“But can prophecies even be accurate?”

“Theoretically, it is possible. Knowing the future is really easy. This book of prophecy has a certain spell worked into it. It has been commanded to record information on its surroundings and then send that information back in time by 10 years. After that, you just have to keep the book around for over 10 years while making sure it isn’t destroyed. If you do that, you have a book of prophecy that sends information to the ‘present’ from a point 10 years in the future.”

“Hmm,” said Kamijou.

He thought vaguely about how the book must be sending information on the present to the past while the book in the future was sending information to the present like a chain reaction of billiards balls hitting each other.

He kept it a secret that he was already a bit sick of thinking about this slightly difficult concept.

“But how does it send information 10 years into the past?”

“Well... For example, imagine your food supplies were going to be empty one month into the future. Even in the present before it happens, you could see how fast everyone is eating and predict that the food supplies would be empty in about a month at the current pace, right? It’s the same as that. The words on the pages of Malachy’s Prophecies automatically change in the future. They change to display simple omens that could be easily predicted even from observations in the present. It detects those omens and automatically writes them out,” explained Index.

With a blank look on his face, Kamijou said, “Kamijou did not understand the reasoning behind that at all, but he has decided to assume books of prophecy are normal in the world of magic.”

“Gwah!? Touma, you completely gave up on trying to understand and gave a mechanical response!?” shouted Index, but Kamijou ignored her and began bringing in the laundry hanging out to dry on the balcony.

With slightly teary eyes, Index opened Malachy’s Prophecies.

“H-hmm. Even you will be shocked when you see what Malachy’s Prophecies can do, Touma. I’ll have it predict what will happen during your school’s opening ceremony on September 1.”

“The opening ceremony, hm? Oh, I guess summer break really is about to end,” replied Kamijou casually as he peered at one page of Malachy’s Prophecies.

The 10th day of the 7th month of the 2005th year. A Certain Magical Sixth Version. The day of Academy City’s opening ceremony.

“...Huh?” said Kamijou with a puzzled look. “Did that say the 2005th year? And at the very least, I don’t think the opening ceremony is on July 10.”

“Touma, you can’t take the things written in a book of prophecy at face value. Humanity wasn’t destroyed in 1999 due to Nostradamus’s prophecies, remember? This sort of book of prophecy always states things in annoyingly roundabout ways.”

“Hmm. Oh, I’ve seen that kind of thing in movies. Like how ‘a giant eye watching people from the heavens’ refers to a satellite?”

“Yeah. So don’t be surprised that it gives the release date.”

“Release date? What...?”

This just made him more confused, but he had lost his timing to speak since Index was now looking at the page with a serious expression.

He followed suit and read the words written there.

When a new season begins. Kamijou Touma is attacked by an enemy. He will crawl around on the ground and be unable to move.

“.....”

Kamijou was overcome with an intense feeling of upcoming misfortune, so he fell silent while looking like he was about to cry.

For one thing, what was this about an enemy attacking?

Wasn’t this supposed to be about the opening ceremony?

Was he going to end up involved in some strange incident again?

He tried to ask Index about those things, but she was too focused on the book to respond.

“Oh, it’s writing something else.”

Index traced the line of text with the tip of her slender white index finger.

On the same day, Kamijou Touma will witness two people naked.

“.....”

Index fell silent this time and she began trembling.

Kamijou distinctly felt an aura of anger coming from the girl next to him.

“U-um, wait, Index-san! This is just a hypothetical situation that hasn’t been decided yet! In fact, this is probably a story where a boy and girl work together to overcome some frightening destiny! That has to be it!!”

While panicking (although he could not deny there was a bit of anticipation welling up within him), he looked back at the inconvenient book of prophecies.

But no one ever said it would be girls he sees naked.

“Hey! Why the hell would you say it like that!? It’s like you’re trying to get me excited and then drop me into an abyss!”

I never said for sure it would be guys either.

“You liar! I can already see how this will end! It’ll probably be Aogami Pierce and Tsuchimikado I see naked! That already happened once with the swimsuit!”

I did not say it would either be both guys or both girls. It could be a guy-girl pair you see naked.

“It ‘could’? ...But you know the answer!!”

By the way, there is a scene of Kamijou Touma becoming intertwined with a girl wearing a nun’s habit.

“Eh!?” cried out Kamijou in shock as he gave those words in the book of prophecy a second look.

As his heart jumped up in his chest, Index’s face grew bright red and she stopped breathing.

Also, a girl shows Kamijou Touma a precious place inside her body. But it is not quite how he had imagined it, so that pure boy’s heart receives quite a shock.

Index collapsed backwards. Her face had grown so red it looked like steam was about to come from it.

“What the hell kind of erotic book of prophecy is this!? Just to double-check: this is talking about the opening ceremony, right? What kind of opening ceremony has this kind of crazy stuff happening at it!?”

“I-I wonder what it says about other dates. I hope it isn’t all like this.”

Index unsteadily sat back up and hesitantly turned the pages.

“Hm, this is talking about Volume 1.”

“Um, Volume 1?”

“Malachy’s Prophecies divides dates up by volumes and chapters! See?”

The 10th day of the 4th month of the 2004th year. A Certain Magical First Version. When white, glowing feathers float down. If you wake up early, you can find a girl hanging on your balcony. This naturally stubborn mystery girl is hungry, so she will easily surrender if she is given food.

“...Um, I don’t really get it, but is this really something you can rush through so lightly?”

“Oh, there’s more.”

On the same day, an impertinent middle school girl named Misaka Mikoto appears, but she disappears from the story shortly thereafter. And she does not appear in the next volume. She is replaced by a strange shrine maiden in Volume 2.

“Wait a second! Why is it treating me like this!?” shouted a brown-haired girl who suddenly appeared.

She wore a white, short-sleeved blouse, a beige summer sweater, and a gray pleated skirt. Her name was Misaka Mikoto.

She was also known as the Railgun and was a powerful Electromaster who could freely control electric currents as high as one billion volts.

Kamijou jumped in surprise at that sudden appearance that had no advanced notice.

“Wh-where did you come from!?”

“I’ve been standing right in front of the two of you this whole time! It just looked like I wasn’t here because the text never bothered to mention me even once! I’ve been yelling at you but none of my lines appeared in the text!! What, do you have my voice on a blacklist in your minds or something!?”

Mikoto swung her arms around in anger and sent sparks flying from her bangs like static electricity, but Kamijou and Index looked at each other like nothing had happened.

“So is everything written in this Malachy’s Prophecies guaranteed to come true?”

“Hmm, I think it only gives an expected future for the time being. And even if the future is set in stone, you still might be able to alter it given your exceptional right hand, Touma. For example, I have a feeling all your misfortune is something that should never have happened in the proper history.”

“Eh? Wait a second! Hey, are you even listening? Heeeey! Eh? What? Have I been set as a character to be ignored by default for no adequately explained reason!?”

As Kamijou arbitrarily tried to quiet down the middle school girl shouting in his ear, Index flipped through the pages of Malachy’s Prophecies.

“Is this the content of Volume 2?”

The 10th day of the 6th month of the 2004th year. A Certain Magical Second Version. When a fortress of glass dyes red the blue of the summer sky. A shrine maiden with long black hair appears, but she does not do a single thing one would expect of a shrine maiden. Incidentally, Mikoto’s little sister that appears in the next volume does not do or say anything one would expect of a little sister either.

“Stop simply calling me a shrine maiden. That makes it sound like there would be nothing left to me if I took off this shrine maiden outfit.”

“Wah!?”

Kamijou jumped back in fright when he heard that quiet female voice suddenly coming from under the bed. He timidly peered underneath and found Himegami Aisa, the girl who had been described as a shrine maiden with long black hair, crammed into the small space below the bed.

He was not quite sure how to describe it, but the shrine maiden looked quite dusty due to hiding down there the whole time.

And then the door to the bathroom opened.

“Misaka borrowed your bath, reports Misaka to the owner of this room while completely naked except for this baggy T-shirt.”

When Misaka Mikoto saw the girl who – true to her word – was wearing one of Kamijou's T-shirts over an otherwise nude body, her expression changed to match Kamijou's.

A closer look showed that this new girl was Misaka Imouto who was identical to Mikoto down to the genetic level.

"Misaka arrived slightly before you returned, but the high temperature had caused a high level of perspiration. That substitute owner of the room wearing a white nun's habit suggested Misaka take a bath, so she took her up on the offer, says Misaka in a long explanation. ...? Why have you fallen silent? asks Misaka while tilting her head. Misaka cannot imagine why you would be blushing and averting your gaze, says Misaka as she stares you directly in the face and asks you a question."

"Um..." replied Kamijou while frozen in place.

Misaka Imouto's thighs were bared below the baggy T-shirt up to a place very, very close to their base. And she had just taken a bath, so her skin was slightly flushed and she smelled of soap.

Meanwhile, Himegami grinned slightly underneath the bed and said something along the lines of, "My appearance ends here. Heh heh heh. This is always how it turns out for me."

Incidentally, if Kamijou had been under the bed in Himegami's place, the angle might have ensured he died of shock the instant he saw Misaka Imouto.

"Well...This certainly is a lot of people all of a sudden," said Kamijou as he glanced around the small room.

Index sighed and said, "Honestly, what are you saying, Touma? The guy-girl ratio is always like this around you. Oh, here's Volume 3."

As she spoke, she continued to flip through the pages of Malachy's Prophecies.

The 10th day of the 9th month of the 2004th year. A Certain Magical Third Version. When a wind with a purpose blew through the city at night. The number of girls appearing may be quite high. By the way, Misaka's little sister shows off her panties, but the big sister does not. What a disappointment.

"Wh-who wrote this!? And not showing them off is normal!!"

As Mikoto shouted out common sense, the little sister in the anything-but-common outfit of naked with a T-shirt simply stared blankly.

Index turned to the next page.

The 10th day of the 12th month of the 2004th year. A Certain Magical Fourth Version. When a curtain of dark night falls over the summer sea. The characters show off more skin than usual. This of course means girls in swimsuits, but the female swordsman's outfit was revealing to begin with and the red nun's outfit is enough to make one think she is an exhibitionist. But if you let your guard down, you will receive a great visual shock from a swimsuit. By the way, the female swordsman also appears in such a state of undress to make one think obsessing over small things like swimsuits and panties is ridiculous.

When they read that last line, Index and Mikoto said "Wow..." in unison.

Kamijou arbitrarily folded his hands and began thanking god that the person in question was not there. When Index, a legitimate nun, saw that, she began lecturing him on how to properly cross himself.

As Index entered her occult explanation mode, Misaka Imouto began expressionlessly flipping through the pages of Malachy's Prophecies.

The 10th day of the 4th month of the 2005th year. A Certain Magical Fifth Version. When the peace and rest of the summer season meet their demise. Misaka's little sister's little sister appears. The little sister of the little sister does not wear panties, yet the big sister does not show off her panties. There may be some rule saying their guard grows more lax as their age goes down.

"Is everything about me related to panties!?" shouted Mikoto in indignation and Kamijou tried his best to pacify her.

When Index flipped through the pages some more, the first five volumes came to their end and they returned to the prophecies related to the 6th volume once more. That was where it read "The 10th day of the 7th month of the 2005th year. A Certain Magical Sixth Version. The day of Academy City's opening ceremony."

Kamijou looked through what it said once more.

"Ahh, what kind of opening ceremony is this? I get attacked by enemy and can't stand, a pair of naked people appears before me, and I become intertwined with Index? ...What is this!? What is with these rare events that have never happened before!?"

As Kamijou tried to sort through the information, he felt like his head was going to burst.

“Gyahh!” he shouted out, but then Index said “ah” like she had just realized something.

“T-Touma. Here! Look here!!”

“Wh-what? Don’t tell me there’s yet another prophecy filled with even more misfortune!”

When Kamijou cautiously looked where Index was pointing, his shoulders jumped like he had been shocked by electricity.

Right under Malachy’s Prophecies front cover were the following words:

This preview is a work of fiction. It may have nothing to do with the characters, groups, and incidents in the real A Certain Magical Index series which will have a new volume on bookstore shelves on July 10.